THE EXPOSITION AND declaration of the Pſalme, Deus ultionum Dominus, made by ſyr Henry Parker knight, lord Morley, dedicated to the kynges highnes.

1534

BIBLIOTHECA REGIA MONACENSIS



TO THE MOST HIGH AND myghty prynce, HENRY the. VIII, kynge of Englande and of Fraunce, defendour of the faithe, lorde of Irelande, and in erthe supreme heed immediatly vnder Christe of the church of Englande, his most humble subiect, Henry Parker knight, lorde Morley, wysseth all welth & prosperitie.

IF I HAD MOST christyan Prynce, and my most dere and gracious souerayne lord, as Virgil sayth, an hundred mouthes, with as many tounges, and therewith as moche swete eloquence, as had the Grecian Demosthenes, or the Romayn Cicero, yet coulde not I expresse halfe the vertue, halfe the rightuousnes, that is in your most royal

maieſtie, as in a perfecte Arke of all pꝛincely goodnes and honour. Foꝛ where as vnto this pꝛeſente tyme of your moſte happy reigne, this youre Empire mooſte triumphant, hath ben wꝛongfully kept, as tributarie vnto the Babyloni=call ſeate of the Romyſhe byſhop, your moſte ſage and polytike wiſe dome hath benne ſuche, that as it maye be well thoughte, by diuine inſpiration, ye haue taken a very kynges harte, whiche ſeketh, as it ought, to rule, and nat to be ruled. and hath ſet the englyſſhe nation at fredoome and lybertie. What woꝛthy thākes foꝛ ſo noble a dede, and ſo benefictal an acte, can your mooſte bounden ſubiectes render vnto your high maieſtie? we may moche better ſay to you, than euer might the Romans vnto the moſt noble

noble Emperour Augustus, that ye are not onely the noblest kynge that euer reigned ouer the englisshe natiõ, but also Pater patriæ, that is, the father of our countrey, one by whose vertue, lernyng, and noble courage, England is newe borne, newly brought from thraldome to freedome. For where as there is nothing more swete than libertie, nothynge more bytter than bondage, in so moche that death hath ofte ben chosen to aduoyde seruitude. What owe we vnto you most gracious soueraigne lorde, which ar by you, as by a most natural father, the bondes broken, set out of danger, from the captiuite Babylonical, so that we may say plainly as the Jewes dydde to Judith: You are our beautie, you are oure honour, you are our glorie. Sci-

pio the Affrican dyd moche for the Romayns, Codrus for the Atheniens, Epaminondas moche for ỹ Thebans, Themistocles moch for the Grecians, Cirus moche for the Perſians, Salandine moche for the Egyptians, and yet all theſe cõpared with your hyghnes, may ſeme almoſt to haue done nothing at al. Wherfore, moſt chriſtẽ king beinge a parttaker of all your inestimable benefites, haue and ſhal always ſtudy, whyche wayes, and howe I maye, to the vttermoſte of my litel and moſte feble puiſſance, giue thankes to your highnes for the ſame. And for as moche as I knowe my ſelfe vnmete to do any bodily ſeruice, condigne to ſo vertuous & excellent a prince, yet at ỹ leaſt I ſhal gyue vnto your hyghnes, ỹ thing, which aſwel the feble

as

as the stronge maye gyue, that is to saye, hartye prayers to god, for the preseruation of so iust, so mercyfull, and so faythefull a kynge. I than offer vnto your hyghnesse this newe yere, dere and dred souerayngne lorde, this psalme of king Dauid, *Deus ultionum dominus*, with a briefe declaration of the same, moste humbly praienge your high accustomed goodnes, to accepte it in gree, & not to regarde the rudenes, but rather the faithfulnes of me your subiect, that wylleth with the very harte, as he writeth, goodnes, and all goodnesse to you: And to youre ennemye the Babylonicall byshoppe of Rome, reprouse, shame, and vtter ruine.

DEVS VL-tionū dominus, deus ultionum libere egit, O Lorde god almighty, that haste made with thy worde, Heuen and Erthe, with all the beaultie thereof, and doest with the same, fede all kynde of beastes, in tyme requisite, and haste put vnder mannes subiection, beastes in the erthe, byrdes in the ayre, and fyshe in the see, so that he is lyttell lesse in dignite than angelles, and at the last crowned hym with glorie and honour, as thou hast done our moste victorious prince, makynge hym thyn annointed king, to rule vnder the, the Empyre of Englande, whiche hathe, doothe, and

and intendeth alwayes to defende thy worde: We pray the, with deuoute hartes, to assist hym, in suppressynge the prowde heed of the poluted citie of Babylon, the Romysshe bysshop. Deus ultionum dominus, that is to say, thou that woldest we shulde cõmitte al vengynge to the, reuenge vs ageynst this serpent, that wolde, to mayntayne his power, deuoure thy holy worde, if his myght were as great as his malyce.

Exaltare qui iudicas terram, redde retributionem superbis.

¶ It is not to me vnknowen, my sauyor & redemptor Jesu, ỹ whan thy holy wyll is, in lyke maner as thou diddest defende the people of Israel, by thy duke & leader Moyses, from the prowd and obstinate

Pharao, Josua from the.xxxi.kinges, Gedeon from the Amolytes, Dampson from the Phylistiens, Dauid frome Golyas, Ezechias, from the Assirians, Asa frome the Ethiopians, Judas Machabeus from Antiochus, & Nycaor Constantine from Marentius, Theodosius from Eugenius, the noble Henry the fyfte frome the frenche men, the wyse Henry the seuenth, from the tyrant kynge Rychard, with infinite mo: all be it they semed to be inferior to the innumerable multitude of their aduersaries, yet thou ouerthrewest them, in exaltyng thy power. Gyue than my lorde, and my helper, power to our prince, to thruste downe this byshop of Rome, not only his aduersarie, but chiefe ennemy to thy glorie, which seketh by tyrannous pre-

pꝛeſumption, to bꝛyng in hys ſubiection, all pꝛyncis of the woꝛlde. I cry to the good loꝛde, Exaltare, qui iudicas terram, that is to ſaye, Be thou lyfte vp on hygh, and aſcende vp to thy ſeate, that arte the iudge of the vniuerſall erthe, and render to the pꝛoude byſchop as he hathe deſerued.

Vſquequo peccatores domine, uſq; quo peccatores gloriabũtur? Till be it mercyfulle Jeſu, thou doſt permytte by thy ſecrete iugement, euyll perſons to pꝛoſper, I my loꝛde and god, that knowe not, but as man knoweth, ſaye to the, O good god, howe longe ſhalte thou ſuffre, I ſay from the botom of my hart, howe longe wylt thou ſuffre this ſeate of Satan, to glorifie it ſelfe in euill doinge? what

great

greate damage to al Christendom, and what great mischief wrought Honorius agaynst Frederike the good emperour in his iourney ageynste the Turkes? This wycked bysshoppe sente letters to the Soudan, shewynge hym whyche wayes he myght distroy the chrysten armye. What shulde I say of Bonifacius the third, of Alysander the. vi. of Julius the seconde, the greatte theefe of the worlde, of Leo the tenthe, of Clemens, and nowe of Paule, that dyuellyshlye alway go about to set one christen prynce agaynst an other, onely to maynteyne theyr blurped and tyrannous estate? Vsquequo peccatores domine, usquequo peccatores gloriabuntur? How long shal such proude prelates prosper? howe longe tyme wolte thou suf-

fer

ker theym:

Effabuntur & loquentur iniquitatem, loquentur omnes: quia operantur iniuſtitiam.

¶ Thoſe that be adherentes to his curſed courte, they murmure, they grudge, and do that in them is, to reſyſte the holy zele, whiche our kinge hath, to ſet forth the holy worde of god. But our prynce, that hath goddis worde feruently and moſte conſtantly fyxed in his hart, wyll with his aſſiſtens, perſeuer agaynſt all them, that wolde ought do to the contrary. And as the royall kyng Dauid, although he were rebuked of his father, his bretherne, and his frendes, let not to go naked, to fyght againſt gret Golyas: euen ſo let them saye all, that do euyll, what they wyll, our pryncе woll not ceſſe to reſyſt with

all

all his power, the obstinate wylle & vsurped authorite of the proude byshop of Rome.

Populum tuum domine humiliauerunt : et hæreditatem tuam uexauerunt.

¶ And not without cause oure prince dothe and woll withstande the malycious power of this synfulle seate of Rome. For sythens the tyme that Syluester chalenged by gyfte, that that Constantyne neuer gaue hym, he and his successours, enioyenge temporall possessions, felle frome thy holye faithe, whiche before was spredde by thy apostelles throughout the vnyuersall worlde. And as it had great successe, and dayly increased in all countreyes more and more, as longe as they that were in the apo-

apostels place, folowed theyr humilitie, pouertie, and obedience: so by the pryde, couetousnes, and tyranny of this Babylonicall monster, it hath lefte Asia and Affrike, and scasely remaineth in Europa, a small corner of the world. Wherfore this may be well sayde, They haue put downe thyne electe people, and they haue vexed thyn inheritance. Who ought not with al his hole hart, to bewaile this piteous decaye? Or who wylle not be glad to resyst the malyce of those that be the causers therof?

Viduam & aduenam interfecerunt, & pupillos occiderunt.

As this decayer of the monarchye of Christendome, is for the moste parte occupied in greattest mischeues, as in stryuynge ayenst truth

truthe and goddis gospell, in ba-
nyshynge true religyon, and set-
tynge vp hypocrisy and ydolatry:
in hurlynge downe al good ozder,
and obedience, soo sometyme that
all men and women to, maye haue
iuste cause to hate hym, he com-
meth from the grettist to the smal,
and falleth to the spoylyng of wy-
dowes, to the slaughter of straun-
gers, to the murder of ozphanes.
And as he and his, somtime sturre
vp themperour ayenst the French
kynge, somtyme the frenche men
ayenst the imperyals, bzekely eche
kingdome in other neckes, so som-
tyme they come to lower matters,
and sette one pziuate man to poy-
son an other, one cytezen to mur-
der an other. In so moch that men
thynke, fewer chzysten men to be
alyue at this day, than they, foz the
main-

mayntaynynge of their quarelle, haue caused to dye by fyre, swerde, hunger, and pestilence.

Et dixerunt, non uidebit dominus, nec intelliget deus Iacob.

They perceiuing, that al thing came to passe as they wolde haue it, and that the blynde worlde beleued, they myght pull out of heuen, and throwe into helle, whom they lusted, handeled the matter in suche sorte, that who soo euer sayde the contrarie, had all princis in his toppe, redy with the swerd, to take theyr parte. Anone they were exalted in such pride, that as Lucyfer dydde, they presumed to pitche their trone equal with god, and letted not to boste, to bragge, and to say: God shall nat see oure abusion, the god of Iacob shall

nat perceyue wheraboute we go.

Intelligite insipientes in populo, et stulti aliquando sapite.

¶ But our prynce, most mercyful sauior Jesu, whiche is thy Christ, ꝑ is to say, thyn annoynted kyng, euen as his regal maiestie, requireth of hym, ceasseth nat to warne all people, specially those, that be symple & vnlettred, to gyue them monition by the worde of god, to be wyse, to take hede, howe they haue fallen into extreme darknes, in gyuynge credite to his erronious doctrine, and fals traditiõs, in leanyng to moche to his lawes, and commaundementes: and wisheth all men to trust in god, whiche woll the deathe of no synner, but all menne to be saued. And yt they do not this, they fall clene frõ god,

god, vnto a fraple tempozal mans arme, whiche is but flesshe, and shall come to duste.

Qui plantauit aurem, nō audiet, aut qui finxit oculum non considerat?

He that consydereth welle with hym selfe, the wonderfull wozkes of god, must nedes see, that he is alone almighty. He that marketh howe faythfull he hath bene in all his pzompses, can not but thynke, that he alone is to be trusted: he that seeth what power he hath giuen to other thynges, must nedes graunt, that he hym selfe hath all power. He created all thynges, he made the eares to here, and the eyes to see, now, is it lyke, that he, whiche sette eares vppon youre hedes, & gaue you power to here,

can be deafe, and here nothynge hym selfe: And if he be any thing quycke of herynge, shall nat the voice of the innocētes bloud, shed by your crueltie, which crieth still, at the laste come vp to his eares? Can they lament styll, & neuer be herde? Shall he that hath set eies in your foreheades, and gyuen you power to see, not se the great abuses, the fals wrestynge of his holy worde, the wycked desyre that this papisticall sort hath, to mayntaine theyr pompe, pryde, and tyranny? Shal he here them, and se al these your mischeuous intētes, and nat see you one day punyshed?

Qui corripuit gentes nō arguet, qui docet hominem scientiā.

Shall nat he, that chaungeth all worldly monarches, and dothe transl=

transpose, as Daniel the prophete saythe, realmes, countreyes, and empires, nowe to rule, nowe to be ruled, shall not he hurle downe this seate of Satanas? He changed the dominion of the Assirias, and gaue it to the Medes, frome the Medes to the Persians, from the Persians vnto the Greekes, frome the Grekes vnto the Romaines, and wolle not he bringe the proude and vsurped estate of these, that ought to serue, from the noughty, to naughte at all? or to saye, as it oughte to be, restore it rightfully to theym, that a longe season haue ben wrongfully kepte from it? Thou arte styll that same selfe god, ẏ taughtest Paul thyne apostell, the secrete hyd science of scripture. Thou art he that dydste soo illuminate the mynde of thyne

electe and tenderly beloued disciple John, that he, whyche before was a fyssher man, vtterly vnlerned, nowe excellynge the reste of the Euangelistes, vttered manye hygh mysteries, and suche as the other thre left vntouched, writing that wonderfulle piece of worke, *In principio erat verbum.* No meruail, if thou that taughtest the vnlerned suche hygh mysteries, teache the lerned at length, to knowe the false doctrine, the wylye wayes, the abhompnable hypocrysye, the detestable ydolatrye of this wycked mõster of Rome. Can he that teacheth the hethen to kolow thinges iuste and righte in the face of the lawe, suffre the Christians, stil to blonder, styll to be in blyndnes, styll to be seduced by this Babylonycall strompette?

Do=

Dominus ſcit cogitationes hominum, quoniam uanę ſunt.

I myght greatly meruayle, ye and moze then meruayl, how this chaire of peſtilence coulde ſo long ſtande in honour, ſauynge that I knowe verye welle, bothe to what folyes the vayne cogytations of men bzyng them, and howe lyghtly the people are illuded by ſuperſtition, and colour of religion. The Jewes ſometyme thyn electe people, not withſtandynge they ſawe with theyz eyes the red ſees deuyded, to gyue theym paſſage, water ſpzynge oute of the harde ſtoone, to quenche theyz extreme thurſte, meate deſcende downe from heauen, to fede them, whan they were full hungrye, yet whyle Moyſes was in the moũt Sinai,

they forgettynge al these myracles and benefites of god set vp a calf, and toke it for their god. I myght meruayle, and greatly meruayle, that the christen people coulde be so fonde, to leaue the word of god, and his heuenly doctrine, and folow this wicked byshop of Rome, and his dyuelysshe dreames. But as this is not the fyrst cuyl chãge, that foolysshe man hath made, soo let vs assure our selfes, that vayn cogitations dure nat euer, the seduced tourne ageyne, whan good guydes shewe them the way.

Beatus homo, quem tu erudieris domine, & de lege tua docueris eum.

¶ Blessed mayste thou be callyd, moste christen kyng HENRY the VIII. supreme heed of the churche

of

of Englande. Blessed arte thou, whome god hath taught, to espie out the perylous doctryne of the byshop of Rome, wherby the people of Englande ar brought from darkenes to lyght, from errour to the hygh way of righte knowlege, from daunger of dethe eternall, to life that neuer endeth, to be shorte, euen from hel to heuen. By the O sage kynge, the worde of god, that in tyme paste was cloked and hyd to the elders of thy realme, is now manyfest to chylderne, that ceasse not to prayse with their mouthes, god, and his holy worde. For the mayntenance wherof, most royall kynge, thy prayse shall styll continue vpon erthe, and than depart, whan all menne haue taken theyr leaue of it. Happy, happy is that man good lorde, whom thou teacheſt,

cheſt, happy whom thou endeweſt with thy doctrine.

Vt mitiges ei a diebus malis, donec fodiatur peccatori fouea.

¶ Albeit O lorde, thou haſt long forborne, and ſuffred this greatte decepuour of the worlde, this Romayne byſchop to reygne after a cruell ſorte, proudely commaundynge all princis, all eſtates to obeye his luſtes, yet thy goodneſſe be euer prayſed, thou haſte at the laſt reyſed vp a prince, and by him digged a pytte, to hurle this wycked wretche in, where bothe he, his falſe doctrine, his hypocriſye, and idolatrie, ſhall as oure truſte is, be buried for euer. This pitte hath ofte bene a makynge, many haue dygged and lefte of, er euer the pytte hath ben fully made.

Noble

Noble HENRY the eyght is he, whom we truſt, thou wolt alwayes ayde and preſerue, not only vntyll all poppyſhe power be brought into the diche here in Englande, but alſo vntylle all Chriſtian nations ſhall haue ſoo couered this dyche, that Romiſh power be neuer able to ryſe ageyne.

Quia nõ repellet dominus plebem ſuam: et hæreditatem ſuam non derelinquet.

Let England I ſay, put other nations in memorie, of the great falle, that the eſtate of Chriſtendome toke, whan kynges began to obey the lewde doctrine of prieſtis, whan prieſtes preſumptuouſly toke vpon theym, to rule goddis worde after their fantaſyes, and not theyr luſtes, accordyng to his

lawes.

lawes. Let fortunate Englande whiche nowe in spyte of tyrantes tethe, hathe recouered her inherytaunce, be an exaumple to the reste of Christendom, that goddis wyll is not, to forsake his people, to see their right inheritance wrongfully kept from them. God hateth all suche as vsurpe vpon his anoynted kynges. Awake christen kynges awake, Englande blowethe the trompe, and sheweth you all, how ye may auoyde bondage, and howe accordinge to your title and name, ye may as kynges rule and Reygne. God chose not you his kynges, for to be reuled, but to rule. Ye maye haue officers vnder you, as many as you wyll: beynge kynges, you oughte to haue none aboue you.

Quo

Quoadusq; iustitia conuertatur in iuditium, & qui iuxta illa omnes qui recto sunt corde.

¶ God a longe season suffered Pharao, to vexe his people, to heape affliction vppon affliction, and yet at the laste he mette with hym, and in a day was euen with hym for all the iniuries, he hadde done to his people. He forbare a great whyle, and yet a tyme came, that he wolde suffer no longer, but conuerted iustyce to iudgement, & rightuously executed suche sentẽce ayenst him, as he had long before differred. The tyme is at hande, ỹ Christe shall for their great abhominatiõ, se these tyrãtes at Rome, turned out of their triũphant thrones, wherin they syt as gods, treadinge downe the lawes of Christ, setting

ſettynge vp theyr decrees and de-
cretals, as rules, or rather miſru-
les, to diſordre almooſte, all that
god had welle ordred before. The
tyme is at hande, that they ſhalbe
brought from pride, to mekeneſſe,
from ſuperfluities, to honeſte po-
uertie, from voluptuous luſte, to
ſober and chaſte lyfe, frome haute
and imperious commaundemen-
tes, to humble and lowely obedi-
ence, from feined holynes and hy-
pocriſie, to godlynes and ryghte
religion, and than ſhall we haue
good cauſe to ſaye, as ſaynt Iohn
ſayde in the Apocalyps, *Cecidit*
Babylon, cecidit Babylon ciuitas magna,
that is, the greatte Babylon, the
greatte citie of Babylon is fallen
downe, ſhe is fallen, that made al
nations dronke with the wyne of
her hoorylhe fornication.

Quis

Quis consurget mihi aduersus malignantes? aut quis stabit mecum aduersus operantes iniquitatem?

¶ Lyke as the excellente kynge and prophete Dauid, greatly meruaylynge, dydde demaunde, who shulde ryse with hym, to subdewe euyll doers, workers of wyckednesse, so may our moste noble and Christen kynge saye, who ought not to rise with me, to the banquishyng of this monstruous hydra, considering the innumerable mischeues, the ciuile discord, the cruel warres, the effusion of Christian bloudde, that hath bene shedde by the practises of these Romayn bishops? Who hath not harde, how these good prelates, haue set princis subiectes ayenst their soueraines

nes, moch cõtrarie to the doctrine of Peter & Paul, which expressely commaunde, and woll all subiectes to obeye their pryncis, vnder peyne of perpetuall damnation. They ceasse not to encomber all pryncis realmes with Sedytion, where they perceyue any thyng in hande, touchynge their reformation, & wol kynges styl suffer such sowers of hatrede and mischiefe, styll to haue to do in their realms? Ought they not rather to giue ere to our moste noble prince, sayenge with Dauid, Quis cõsurget mihi aduersus malignãtes? aut quis stabit mecum aduersus operantes iniquitatem? Who wolle ryse with me ayenst these wicked men? what prince wolle folowe, to take parte with me, ageinst these moste vn-

vngodly persons:

Nisi quia dominus adiuuit me, paulominus habitasset in inferno anima mea.

¶If there were none that wolde folowe the godly wayes, and further the vertuous procedynges of the most worthy Henry our kyng, yet god, that euer doth assiste and exalte the good, resyste and withstande the proude, shall vnder the shadowe of his holy wynges, defende all rightuous causes. They that seke rightuousnes, may ofte be brought into manye straytes, moch trouble, great distresses, but yet if the confidēce and trust, that they oughte to haue in god, fayle theym nat, they are euer sure to escape. Dauyd was brought into many dangers, and yet euermore

delyuered. And who knoweth nat what ieoperdies the kinges highnes hath escaped only by the helpe of god:

Si dicebam motus est pes meus misericordia tua domine adiuuabat me.

¶ The kynges hyghenesse maye say, as wel as euer Dauid might, when so euer I said to the, my fote slypped, or fayled me, my frēdis or subiectis, whom I entierly trusted & loued, were not as I toke them, thy mercy good lord, alwayes did helpe me, and kepte me euermore from fallynge. The byshoppe of Rome hath sought many wayes, to make his gracis feete slyppe: but god be thanked, his highnesse standethe euerye daye more surer than other, euery daye more faster than

than other.

Secundum multitudinem dolorum meorum in corde meo, consolationes tuę lętificarent animam meam.

¶It is not to be douted, but his highnesse moste tender and gentil harte, felte great dolour, whan he sawe suche to haue intended hym moste hygh displeasure, whom he toke to be his trustiest seruauntes, and as the dolours were greatte, soo muste his gracis gladnesse be greatter, to see the wakynge eye of god, so redy to vndo his enemies, so prest to preserue and defend his highnes. His wysedome, hath deuoured a great multitude of peynes, folowyng the feruent studye and desyre he hathe to maynteyne the word of god, ayenst the proud

Babylonicall byshop, and yet the consolation and comfortes, which he taketh by the ouerthrowe of soo intollerable a monster, of suche an ennemy to truthe and goddis honour, is farre greatter than euer were his peynes.

Nunquid adhæret tibi sedes iniquitatis? quia fingis laborem in præcepto.

¶ Can the seate of wyckednesse, be ioyned with the good lorde? Is it to be thought, that thou choosest hym to thy bycar, whiche worketh all thinges in maner contrary to thy wylle and pleasure? Wolt nat thou declare one daye in other realmes, as well as thou haste done in this noble realme of England, that thy wyll is, the byshoppe of Rome, which abuseth the pretense

of

of thy commaundementes, to the settynge forthe of his abhomynable doctryne, be taken to be as he is, thyne ennempe, a decepuour of as many as truste hym: he hathe seditiously swarued frome that state, and degree, whiche thou settest hym in. He is made of an humble shepardc, an ymage for pryncis to kisse his shoes, wol nothing moue the good god, that thou styl with suche pacience sufferest hym thus to abuse thy pacience? Moyses coulde hurle Chore, Dathan, and Abiron into helle, for disseuerying them selues from his gouernance. And shall not other pryncis brynge this runnagate, this strayeing byshop, vnder the yocke of obedience, as Henry the eyght hath done? Helpe them good lorde, as thou haste holpen hym, open their

eyes, as thou haste doone his, the poppishe power is vtterlye confounded.

Captabunt animam iusti, et sanguinem innocentem condemnabunt.

THey † his neuer cesse, to seke the distruction of the rightuous, styll condemnyng the innocentes blod. Here if a man wolde but reherse, howe many they haue condemned by fals processe, chargynge theym with errors, that died for truthes sake, he shuld find a great slaughter, a great quantitie of innocentes bloud drawen by these bloud suckers. But he that lusteth to put in writynge, what bloudde hathe bene shedde, what a noumber of men haue dyed at suche tymes, as these haue set christen princis one against

againſt an other, he ſhulde be able to iuſtifie, that gret mylles myght be dryuen with bloude, if that that hath ben ſhedde, coulde runne togeather. A piteouſe caſe, that the innocent ſhoulde be taken for the gyltie, a worlde to be lamented, that the wycked ſhoulde ſende the godly to be ſlayn, euen as lambes in the fleſhambles. Our lorde be thanked, Englande is nowe oute of that caſe, and none ſlayn, in eſpeciall by proces and iudgemente, but ſuche as are vnworthy to lyue.

Et factus mihi dominus in refugium, et deus meus in adiutorium ſpei mei.

¶ When knowe, what wayes this byſhop and his adherentes, haue ſought and dayly ſeke, to hurt noble Henry the. viii. men ſe, howe

his hyghneſſe maye ſtylle ſaye, as Dauid ſayde, The lord is he, that I fly vnto for helpe, he is the comforte of my hope, he is myn hoole truſte and ſhote anker. If he continue his aide and ſuccour toward me, I woll nothynge doubte, but as I haue paſſed ouer the Babylonycall walles: that ſoo one day, other princis woll come to the sackynge of this harlot, that hath ſo longe deluded them, I truſte euery byrde woll take his fether, and that the prowde crowe of Eſope, beinge ones naked, ſhal make the worlde to laughe, whiche a longe ſeaſon hath made it to wayle.

Et reddet illis iniquitatem ipſorum, et in malitia eorum diſperdet eos, diſperdet illos dominus deus noſter.

He hath played the tyraunte to many yeres, prowdely verynge whome he lusted, sparyng neither kynge ne Keysar. God, styrred by the synnes of the people, and angry with the ygnorãce of princis, hath suffered hym thus to reygne and rage ouer them both, a longe a longe season, and yet sufferethe him to rule in many nations, both as moche as euer he dydde, and to as moche their losse and damage, as he and his pyrates, I wolde haue sayde prelates, can deuyse. God is a god fulle of compassion, and one that longe suffreth, stylle lookynge for, and desyrynge amendement. But where he seeth no hope of redresse, he payeth in one houre all dettes. Assuredly, yf we woll vse, the knowlege, which god hath sent vs, to his honoure,

the

the time is come, that he intendeth to execute his ryghtuouſe ſentence ayēſt this ſect of Sathan, ageinſt this dronken ſtrompette, ſouſed in the bloudde of ſayntes and martyrs. All the worlde ſhall crye out, and ſaye, Woo woo to the, thou greatte Cytie of Babylon, thou myghty ſtronge citie, ſoo buylded vppe with blyndeneſſe of people: the houre is come, thy iudgement is giuen, though yet not executed. They that haue bene enryched by the, ſhal ſtande afarre of, wepyng and wailinge. The kynges of the erthe, ſhal nowe lament, that euer they medlyd with thy marchaundyſe: lamente, that euer they toke thy parte: lamente, that they conſented with the, to the veration, trouble, priſonment, banyſhynge, ſpoylynge, and ſleing of innocentes.

tes. They shall nowe stande afar of: they wolle noo longer fauour thy wycked doinges: They woll sorowe, that they soo longe haue suffred the, and be moche aferde, leste god be lykewyse angrye with them. And so thou lefte alone, forsaken of all princys, hated of all the godly and good men, shalt wofully come to a mysera-
ble ende. The lord our
god hym selfe shall
bringe the, to
shame, so-
rowe,
ru-
ine, and vtter
confusion.



Londini in ædibus Thomę Bertheleti typis impreſſ.
Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum ſolum.
ANNO. M. D. XXXIX.